

Blount County Democrat.

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THE DEMOCRAT.

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Thirty Years Ago.

EDITORS DEMOCRAT:

In 1850 there was not a white settler from Independence to sixty miles east of Sacramento City, Cal., a distance of 2,180 miles, except a small settlement of Mormons, at Salt Lake, that had gone there two years before in 1848. There were only two ports on the route—Fort Kearney and Fort Laramie, both east of the Rocky Mountains, and on the Platt River.

The tide of immigration, in 1850, was the largest that ever crossed the Plains in one season; it was put down at 50,000. There was almost every mode of travel, from a horse team to that of a wheel-barrow. An Irishman, not being able to make the usual outfit, shoved a wheel-barrow all the way to Sacramento City, a distance, by the wagon road, of 2,240 miles.

In Utah there were two routes—the Southern, by Salt Lake, and the Northern, by Bear River and the noted Soda Springs, thence by the supplet cut-off that formed a junction again with the Salt Lake road, at Castle City Rocks. The northern route is the present line of the Central Pacific Railroad. When upon this route one afternoon, in June, 1850, we discovered something that looked like a flag, on the summit of a very high mountain south of us. That evening we reached Raft River Valley, and concluded to rest our horses for one day.

Mr. Richard Owens, of Green county, Mo., and the writer, got it into our heads to visit the mountain that boasted the flag, on the following day. By sunrise the following morning we had passed the foot-hills and began the ascent. We toiled up a rugged spur, covered with grease-wood and cacti, with a gorge upon either side. As we climbed higher and higher, the gorge, or canons, grew deeper and deeper, until they finally terminated against abrupt, overhanging cliffs. Above this point the mountain was cut into numerous ravines and cones, and was almost destitute of vegetation. When near the summit we surprised a large panther, which bounded out of a ravine, stopping upon a cone for an instant in apparent surprise, as much as to say, "I wonder to what race you belong?" but as I brought down my rifle he scampered off, making a welcome exit. We now reached the summit, and as might have been expected, some yankee had preceded us, and had torn off an important part of his wearing apparel, and stuck it on a pole, thus indicating "first discovery." The flag-staff was neither "hoke or icky," but a pine that had been lugged from some gulch miles below. It occurred to me that I had read of English excursionists, when about planting the English flag on an eminence of some lonely isle in the tropics, had spied a yankee whistling yankee-doodle to the monkeys. He is always a little ahead, from the manufacture of a wooden hulk to that of patent medicines. It is a well-known fact that he is no woodsman, and how he got out here, in mountain gorges and rock-walled canons, fifteen or eighteen miles from the road, and return in safety was a mystery.

The scenery was wild and romantic, mountains and gorges for miles in all directions. Freemont's Peak, barely visible in a northeast direction, lifted its snow-capped summit thirteen thousand feet above the snow line. Who could have imagined that within a few years the whistle of the locomotive would be heard in these wilds? But such was the fact. As we had approached the summit from the northwest, for the sake of variety of scenery, we concluded to descend the north slope. We left our yankee flag fluttering in the breeze and descended into a deep canon. While viewing a

magnificent over-hanging cliff that stood on the east side of the canon, and some eight hundred or a thousand feet high, we spied some hawks feeding their young in the top of the cliff. We saw that we could reach the top of the rock by a circuitous route. In a short time we had reached the top of the cliff, but distance had deceived our vision, for the nest was about four feet from the top of the rock. I saw that I could climb down to it by placing my hands and feet in the crevices and projecting rocks, which I soon accomplished. Holding out one of the young to tempt the old hawks they came darting down, snapping their beaks in a few feet of my head, then soaring high in mid air to again, and again repeat the charge, in the mean time keeping the surrounding solitude lively with their hideous and terrific screams. Mr. Owens kept up a brisk fire upon the enemy all the while, which broke forth like a storm in the still canon. The report of his gun would echo and re-echo from side to side of the canon, finally dying away against a distant bluff, each discharge reminding one of four or five alternate discharges from different bluffs. The discharges of the gun kept up a continual roar, and mingled with the screams of the hawks certainly alarmed the animal creation. After considering that there was no person in the poultry business in a thousand miles except a few Mormons, we left the young to the care of the parent.

We now take a view of the abyss below. A large spruce-pine grew at the base of the rock immediately under us; we could drop a stone into its top. We now bid our late antagonist a quiet good evening and retired from the conflict, arriving at camp in due time, and after a hearty supper I retired to my couch somewhat tired and in a half-asleep and half-awake condition passed through visions of panthers, yankee flags, rock-walled canons and hawk nests. Thirty feet has been high enough for me ever since.

Yes, ever since that memorable event, when I consider the situation—the dark abyss and tall pine beneath my feet—suppose my feet had slipped or my hands cramped? There is an irresistible shudder; why it is I cannot tell. I was not the least alarmed at the time. Suppose that we were out on solid terra firma, and a fibre of the heart should snap. We would tumble into the abyss—the grave.

We have a late instance of this kind. A worthy citizen, whilst apparently enjoying good health dropped dead instantly. There has been thousands of similar cases.

Hanging upon the precipice is a visible danger, whilst the other is invisible. Thousands of human beings pass hourly over our railroad bridges, supported by a few iron bolts, and think little of it. We are simply hanging upon the precipice, with the abyss beneath, from the cradle to the grave. Sooner or later we take the awful leap.

BACKWOODSMAN.

Says the Columbia (Tenn.) Herald: In 1876 the Republicans wronged the people and the Democrats by swindling them out of the Presidency. If the Democracy fail to nominate Tilden they will wrong themselves and the people far more than the Republicans did. If the Democrats forget that fraud, and ignore Mr. Tilden, they will not deserve to succeed.

Brownsville Democrat: We call the attention of the friends of Mr. Tilden, in Tennessee, to the necessity of watchfulness and energy. Above all things do not forget that for a number of years the State has been run by a few cheeky wire-pullers who "fixed" things in advance of Conventions. Be on your guard.

Rome (Ga.) Tribune: The country needs fewer politicians and more farmers. Georgia is over-crowded with little jack-ass politicians, who prate about their greatness and intentions, good, honest, hard-work mechanics and farmers is what the country needs and not these spread eagle orators who have a great over stock of self-esteem and gas, but who are utterly wanting in gratitude and honest knowledge of work.

MY CREED.

I hold that Christian grace abounds—Where charity is seen; that when We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds Of love to men.

I hold all else, named duty, A selfish scheme, a vain pretense; Where center is not, can there be Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare Affirm wherever my rhyme may go; Whatever things be sweet or fair, Love makes them so.

Whether it be the dazzling jubilee, That charm to rest the aching bird, Or that sweet confidence of sighs, And blushes made without a word;

Whether the dazzling and the flash Of softly sumptuous garden bowers, Or by some cabin door, a bush Or ragged flowers,

'Tis not the wide phylactery, Nor stiffborn fast, nor staid prayers That makes us saints; we judge the tree By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart From works, on theologic trust, I know the blood about his heart Is dry as dust.

The Will of the Stalwarts.

The Lenars (Iowa), Sentinel, the Radical Republican organ, says:

The Nation has been announced from the Supreme Bench.

It must now be officially proclaimed from the Executive Chair.

And with deep earnestness the Boys in Blue with their Sisters and their consins and their aunts.

Wait for the 4th of March, 1881, When the Man of Destiny From the Steps of the Capitol Shall declare that:

Henceforth and forever, from the Lakes to the Gulf, from Ocean to Ocean, there is but

One State—the Nation.

One Constitution—the will of the Stalwarts.

One Interpretation—the Necessity of the hour.

Running a Newspaper.

Editing a paper is a pleasant business—if you like it.

If it contains much political matter people won't have it.

If the type is large, it don't contain much reading matter.

If we publish telegraph reports folks say they are nothing but lies.

If we omit them they say we have no enterprise, or suppress them for political effect.

If we have a few jokes folks say we are nothing but rattleheads.

If we omit jokes folks say we are nothing but old fossils.

If we publish original matter they damn us for not giving selections.

If we give selections people say we are lazy for not writing more and giving them what they have not read in some other paper.

If we give a complimentary notice we are censured for being partial.

If we do not, all hands say we are a great hog.

If we insert an article which pleases the ladies the men become jealous, and vice versa.

If we attend church they say it is for effect.

If we remain in our office, attending to our own business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows.

If we go out they say we don't attend to our business.

If we don't pay up promptly they say we are not to be trusted.

If we pay up promptly they say we stole the money.

The English and German languages contain 26 letters to the alphabet; French, 25; Greek, 24; Hebrew, Latin and Dutch, 22; Italian, 20. Most other languages contain more letters—the Spanish, 27; Arabic and Turkish, 28; Persian, 32; Russian, 35; Armenian, 38; Slavonic, 42; Sanscrit, 44; the Chinese radical characters number 214, while their compounds, representing the different words, are from 3,000 to 4,000 for common use, and about 8,000 for men studying science and art. All this is exclusive of sounds represented by diphthongs, double letters, accents, ligatures, and contractions.

The Atlanta Constitution says: "Mr. Blaine ought to be very proud of his little boom in Morgan county, in the State of Georgia. The colored delegates from that county to the Republican Convention are for the Maine Senator. Perhaps this is a straw. The fact that the colored people of Morgan county are for Blaine is extraordinary, as showing that the negroes no longer believe the Grant is the general of the United States."

The Boston Transcript says it comes kind of sudden like, just as the congregation have finished singing "Salvation's free," to have the preacher announce that "the collection will now be taken up."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

People's intentions can only be decided from their conduct.

There are some minds which we must leave to their idiotism.

Our own heart, and not other men's opinion of us, form our true honor.

A young man, of Lodi, Tenn., has gone crazy over a maudlin for neckties.

Call him your friend who dares to tell what he honestly thinks of your society deportment and home behavior.

Miss Eleanor Sherman, daughter of the General, will be married to a navy Lieutenant named Thackora, early in May.

It doesn't hurt a good man to have his character investigated; neither does it hurt a gold coin to try its ring on the counter.

If men would spend in doing good to others a quarter of the money they spend in doing harm to themselves, misery would vanish from the earth.

The vanity of loving fine clothes and new fashions, and valuing ourselves by them is one of the most childish pieces of folly that can be.—[Sir M. Hale.]

Mr. James L. Forbes, an American tea-grower, residing in the East Indies, writes that all that is needed is capital and enterprise to make tea-growing a success in Florida.

It is all bosh to talk of Kelly, who has been bought by the Republicans, with his fifty thousand Tammanyites of dictating a President to forty million of people.—[Ex.]

Out of 101 Republicans in the New York Legislature, 46 are for Grant. Still the New York Tribune asserts that the Grant boom is fading away!—[Chattanooga Times.]

There is probably nothing in this transitory world that yields larger and quicker returns on the amount invested than poking a wasp with your finger to see if he feels well.

The principal female agent and angel in the North Carolina exodus has drawn fifteen thousand dollars of the fund from a bank in Kansas on a forged order, and exodused with it to parts unknown. This is the best argument we have yet seen against the exodus.

Major-General Hancock has a farm of 480 acres of fine land near Windsor, Mo., which he looks upon as his homestead, where he means to pass the latter years of his life. Before going into the army he was a citizen of Missouri, and married in that State.

Self-control is one of the highest attainments we can ever reach. The man who can so control his passion, his feelings, his emotions, so that they shall never find untimely or improper expression in word, is as Christ-like, or perfect, as he can ever be in this world.

Cincinnati Enquirer: If the Bayards, and the Kernans, and the others in the Democratic party had not steadfastly favored the money power and opposed the people, the Republican party to-day would not be in possession of eight States in the Union.

The oil story from Birmingham, Ala., turns out to be a hoax. The Meridian Mercury says: The Mobile Register's correspondent, who narrated his fabulous story about the oil well at Birmingham, had lost his almanac, and thought he was writing a first of April goak.

Farmers and countrymen who have constructed or contemplate the construction of fish ponds, and who desire to stock them with Austrian carp, should remember for themselves that these fish are now being propagated at Washington City, by the National Fish Commission, for distribution throughout the country free of charge.

It is generally supposed that the roots of grasses do not penetrate very deep, but these roots have been traced as far down into the soil as four feet. Persons plowing for seeding think that just loosening the surface is sufficient, but if deep plowing is necessary for any kind of crops it is for grass, unless the soil has been deeply worked for other crops.

Iron and steel goods of all descriptions can be kept free from rust by the following: Dissolve 1 ounce of camphor in one pound of lard, take off the scum, and mix as much black lead with the mixture as will give it an iron color. Iron, steel, and machinery of all kinds, rubbed over with this preparation and left on for 24 hours, and then rubbed with a linen cloth, will keep clean for months. If the machinery is for exportation, it should be kept thickly coated with this during the voyage.

A Man Stops Repudiation.

Years ago, Illinois was poor, and burdened with a debt of \$7,000,000. A large part of the indebtedness had been created in order to carry out a system of internal improvements. The people, finding it difficult to pay their taxes, talked loudly of repudiation. A convention met at Springfield, the capital of the State, to voice the popular feeling. The repudiating ordinance was prepared. It would have been adopted but for the interference of one man. The incident is thus described by the New Orleans Times:

The convention met, and the repudiation ordinance was prepared. It was about being adopted, when Stephen A. Douglas, who was sick at his hotel, asked to be taken into the convention. He was carried on a mattress, and, lying on his back—for he was too ill to sit up—he wrote the following resolution, which he offered as a substitute for the repudiation ordinance:

Resolved, That Illinois will be honest, although she never pays a cent.

The resolution took like wildfire. It touched the honest sentiment of every member of the convention. It was adopted with the wildest enthusiasm. It dealt a death-blow to the repudiation sentiment throughout the State.

The canal bonds immediately advanced in value, and in a short time were quoted at par. Telegrams were received from New York that Illinois could have all the money she wanted.

What was the result? Capital and emigration flowed into the State, and Illinois is to-day one of the most prosperous States in the Union.

She has more miles of railway than any of the other States. Her broad prairies are one great grain-field, and are dotted with hundreds of thousands of peaceful, happy homes. Thriving cities and beautiful villages are found everywhere within her borders.

This is what honesty has done for Illinois. What would repudiation have done?

The Best Candidate.

Franklin (Tenn.) Review and Journal: To our mind, Samuel J. Tilden represents in his person and history more of the elements that point to overwhelming victory than any man who can be named. Civil liberty has received a stab already through his person that can only be well and completely righted by his re-election to the high office that was stolen from him. He has proven himself a statesman and patriot. If re-elected the frauds and villainies of 1876 will not be repeated. Re-elected and seated, he would inaugurate an era that would carry us far back in experience and practice toward the purer and better days of the republic. He would restore the government to the limits of the constitution, and this done our threatened dangers would be ended. We do not believe that he is the only man who can lead us to victory, but we do believe he is the one who can best do it; and with this faith we hope for his nomination at Cincinnati.

Clarksville Chronicle: We suggest to our brethren of the press, who are so bitterly opposed to Mr. Tilden, and are so earnest in representing that public sentiment is the same way, that they test the question and prove their assertions by interviewing the business men and a few farmers of their towns, if they wish to give some interesting facts for reading.

In quoting our Clarksville cotemporary, says the Athens Post, we will add that we don't know of but one anti-Tilden Democrat in all this section.

Boston Post: It is clearly proved that over 3,000 fraudulent votes were cast for Washburn, of Minnesota, and Washburn is one of the good, honest, virtuous, truly moral Republican party that gave the country Grant and Belknap and Babcock and the whiskey ring and Sheppard Murphy; the party that has recently embraced John Kelly, and wants to give us some more of the old gang that plundered the Treasury from 1868 to 1876.

The Ripley (Tenn.) News interviewed the leading merchants and business men of that place week. The record stands as follows: For Tilden, 15; Bayard, 5; Seymour, 3; Thurman, 3; Hancock, 1; Jewett, 1. Nine were for anybody to beat Grant.

Lauderdale county, one of the finest in West Tennessee, may be safely put down for Samuel J. Tilden. Let the good work go on.—[Brownsville Democrat.]

The Fayetteville (Tenn.) Express, representing the Democratic sentiment of Lincoln county, has hoisted the name of Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, for President.

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